

# Student's

Pen

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1940

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# STUDENT'S PEN

East Bridgewater High School

VOL. XX

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., JUNE, 1940

NO. 3

## STUDENT'S PEN STAFF

1939-40

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Brewster Fuller

Mary Waterman

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Mary McHugh

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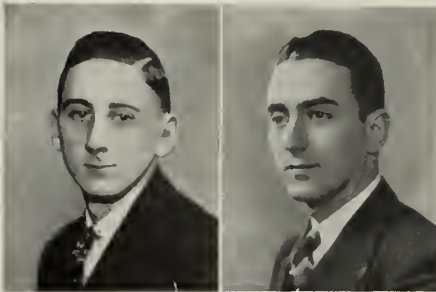
Miss Katharine L. Morehardt

Mr. Joshua Seaver





## PARADE OF THE SENIORS-1940



RICHARD WENTWORTH ALEXANDER  
*Alec*

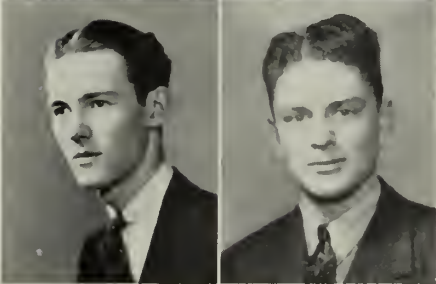
*Pen Staff 4; Basketball 4; Tennis 3; Band 2, 3, 4.*

*Alec blew a bottle in our lab,  
Causing the girls to giggle and gab;  
Alec blows a trumpet in our band  
That is fast becoming the talk of  
the land.*

JACK FERREIRA AROUCA  
*Jack*

*Treasurer 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Scholastic Honors.*

*Jack's the boy with the cheerful grin  
Who takes our pennies and dimes.  
His famous long shots have helped  
to win  
A basketball game many times.*



HARRY RICHMOND BARTLETT  
*Buddy*

*Pen Staff 2, Assistant Editor 3, Editor-in-Chief 4; President 2, 3; Tennis 3; Band 2, 3, 4; Play Cast; French Club 2, 3, President 4; Scholastic Honors.*

*Harry Bartlett plays in the band,  
He's the king of syncopation,  
To the Student's Pen he lends a hand,  
As Tommy he was a sensation!*

RUSSELL HENRY BOSWORTH  
*Russ*

*Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Play Cast; French Club 3, 4; Scholastic Honors.*

*An orator and actor, too,  
With curly hair and eyes of blue;  
In scholarship he's very high;  
We all agree he's a regular guy.*



VIRGINIA MUNRO BOULDRY  
*Ginnie*

*Light blond hair and eyes of blue  
Make up our "Ginnie" small;  
She's so quiet that you would think  
She is not there at all!*

JOSEPHINE LOUISE CLARK  
*Weedy*

*"Weedy" always dresses  
In the very latest style;  
She's never, never gloomy,  
But smiling all the while.*

LEO BERTRAM CLOGSTON  
*Leo*

*Pen Staff 2; Track 3; Band 2, 3, 4; Play Cast.*

*As "Benny Ketcham" he scored a hit  
In the senior play;  
In history class he's quite a wit;  
In music he's O. K.*

EDITH D'ARPINO  
*Edie*

*Play Cast.*

*Edith D. is very cute,  
The boys will all agree,  
Dressed in the very latest suit  
Or styles of gay Pardee.*

ROY HANSON EKBERG  
*Ekkie*

*Very quiet and quite shy, too,  
But in hockey there's nothing he  
can't do.  
Although he's not one to talk, we  
guess  
That words don't always spell suc-  
cess.*

JOHN WILLIAM FISHER  
*Jack*

*Baseball Assistant Manager 3, Manager 4; Basketball Assistant Manager 3, Manager 4.*

*Altho he may never reign on a throne,  
Jack is swell at playing the trom-  
bone;  
When asked about sports he will  
fairly beam,  
For he was manager of our basket-  
ball team.*



ROBERT HENRY FLOOD  
Bob

*Should Flood some day jump into  
his car,  
Prepared for a journey fast and far,  
And meet Mr. G. saying, "Take  
heed!  
Remember what I said about  
speed!"  
We fear the cars would meet with  
a thud,  
And it wouldn't be Flood left stuck  
in the mud!*

ROBERT HANCOCK HALL, JR.  
Honky

*Pen Staff 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4;  
Play Cast.  
That Robert can act we have no  
fear,  
For at our play he became a star  
When on the stage he did appear  
To give his speech, "Well, Here We  
Are!"*

NATALIE MILDRED HAYES  
Nat

*Pen Staff 4; Band 3, 4; French  
Club 3.  
Here is a quiet, dark-haired girl  
With lovely voice to hear;  
A prima donna she will be,  
Well known both far and near.*

BREWSTER WESTON FULLER  
Joe

*Pen Staff 2, Assistant Editor 3, 4,  
Assistant Business Manager 4; Ten-  
nis 3; Band 2, 3, 4; Play Cast;  
French Club Vice-President 3;  
Scholastic Honors.  
Abner Ketcham was the name  
That brought Joe Fuller all his  
fame;  
They signed him up, and what do  
you know—  
If he didn't go out and steal the  
show!*

MARILYN GERTRUDE HASESIAN  
Hessy

*Pen Staff 3, 4; Play Cast; French  
Club 2, 3.  
This happy, dark slip of a miss  
Just bustles all about.  
Don't be surprised if someday on  
the 'phone  
Her "Number, please" comes out.*

RUTH EMMA HOLMES  
Ruthy

*Pen Staff 4; Scholastic Honors  
Short and sweet is our Ruthie,  
Never shirking her duty.  
Always striving to reach the head  
of the class,  
Never worrying about whether she'll  
pass.*



WILLIAM ALDEN HURD  
Bill

*This poem seems silly  
'Cause we don't know Billy,  
But we think he's a very good scout;  
He's been here  
Less than a year.  
But he's a swell guy, without doubt.*

CHARLES HERBERT INGALLS  
Charlie

*Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2,  
3, 4; Baseball 2, 4; Track 3; Band  
4; Play Cast; French Club 3; Vice-  
President 4.  
Charlie should make a great success  
In teaching physical ed;  
The sports that he's enjoyed at  
school  
Will earn his daily bread.*

BARBARA MAY JOYCE  
Barbie

*Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Play Cast;  
French Club 3, 4; Scholastic  
Honors.  
She's quiet and efficient  
In whatever she may do,  
An enthusiastic member  
In church activities, too.*

INA MAE KINGMAN  
Babe

*Pen Staff 4.  
"Dimple in the chin,  
Mischievous within"  
Ina, is it true  
That this might mean you?*





LOIS JEANNETTE LAMBERT  
Basketball 3; French Club 3, 4.

*L is for a lady  
O is for obedience  
I is for ideas  
S is for sociability;  
Put them all together and they represent our Lo's.*

AGNES ELIZABETH LIGHTFOOT  
*Aggie*

*Pen Staff 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4.  
Tall and slim is our athletic Aggie,  
You will never find her laggy,  
For on the basketball floor,  
She is one whom you'll adore.*

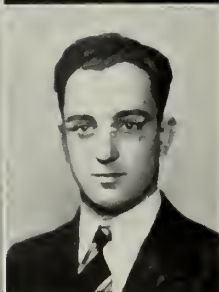


VITA LORRAINE MACNEILL  
*Patty*

*Play Cast; Scholastic Honors.  
Patty is a dark-haired girl  
Who makes hearts skip a beat,  
And you'll agree she's lots of fun,  
And also quite petite.*

PHILIP JAMES MAYO  
*Phil*

*Pen Staff 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Play Cast.  
Phil's a whizz on a licorice stick,  
He's not a slouch at art,  
And so in life he will not fail,  
He's sure to know his part.*



MARY ELIZABETH MCHUGH  
*Pen Staff 4.*

*Laughing eyes and curly hair  
Make of her a maiden fair;  
As a secretary she'll be swell,  
Mary suits us very well.*

EDWARD FRANCIS MEADA  
*Eddie*

*If your car should ever balk,  
And you don't know what to do,  
Dash to a 'phone and make a call—  
Eddie's the man for you.*

BLANCHE VERA MIGNAULT  
*Miggy*

*Scholastic Honors.  
A tall quiet miss  
By the boys often teased,  
And she has a sweet smile—  
With Blanche we're well pleased.*

MARILYN MEADOWCROFT MILLER  
*Mouse*

*Pen Staff 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Play Cast.  
Small, short, and snappy,  
You'll always find her happy;  
At 1:30 see her smile of joy,  
For then she can meet that certain boy!*

RICHARD DESILVA NEVES  
*Dick*

*Track 3.  
A husky lad is Dick,  
A flashy dresser, too,  
And with a smile he's on the job  
Whenever there's work to do.*

DAMON HOYT PARSONS  
*Damon doesn't care for study;  
A farmer he wants to be;  
His interests are in agriculture  
And the outdoor life so free.*





MARY MARTHA PERKINS  
 Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2;  
 Play Cast; French Club 3.  
*A mysterious young lady  
 With a keen and active mind;  
 As a writer she is excellent,  
 As an actress she's a "find."*

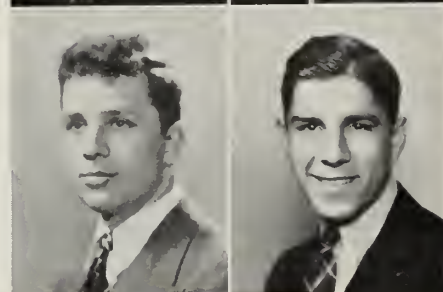
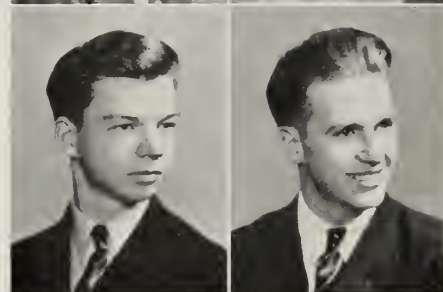
BURT FRANKLIN POLLARD  
 Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3.  
*When looking for Burt Pollard,  
 You'll find him in his store.  
 A little fellow working hard  
 To make his business sure.*

JOSEPH MARION RENSKI  
 Zeke  
 Play Cast; Scholastic Honors.  
*Joe made the perfect busman  
 In "A Lucky Break,"  
 And when the Senior Prom comes  
 'round  
 We wonder who he'll take.*

VENA EMMERSON PIERSON  
 W'enie  
 Scholastic Honors.  
*She loves to sew, she loves to cook,  
 She's mastered every art;  
 It won't be hard for Vena  
 To capture someone's heart.*

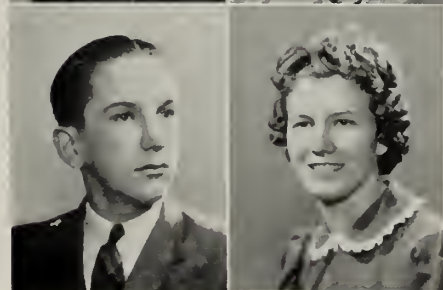
MELVIN HARRY PRATT  
 Mel  
 President 4; Scholastic Honors.  
*At trucking Mel sure knows his  
 stuff.  
 He is so very handy;  
 And when to games he takes the  
 girls,  
 He's also quite a dandy.*

JOSEPH ROCHA  
 Joe  
 Basketball 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4.  
*Joseph is a husky lad,  
 The catcher on our team;  
 Now and then he pitches, too,  
 And then he shows his steam.*



MICHAEL SKOROHOD  
 Mickey  
 Baseball 4.  
*Take your pick of nicknames,  
 Mike, Mick, or Mickey.  
 But watch out for his last name,  
 You'll find it rather tricky.*

BARBARA WILCOX SMITH  
 Smitty  
 Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Play Cast;  
 French Club 3, 4; Scholastic  
 Honors.  
*As pleasant a girl as ever you'll  
 meet,  
 Our Barbara has a temper sweet;  
 And when it comes to good hard  
 work,  
 Barbara Smith will never shirk.*



RICHARD BERTRAM THOMAS  
 Dick  
 Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 2,  
 Vice-President 3; Tennis 3; Band  
 2, 3, 4; Play Cast; French Club  
 Vice-President 3, Secretary-Treas-  
 urer 4; Scholastic Honors.  
*He likes to drive his little coupe  
 But a horse he'd rather ride;  
 When he plays the baritone,  
 He is the school band's pride.*

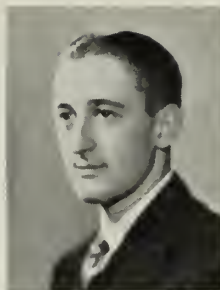
GLADYS ELIZABETH THOMPSON  
 Gladie  
 Pen Staff 4; Basketball 2, 3;  
 Play Cast.  
*Gay and cheerful, full of fun,  
 Of "Gladie" this is true;  
 She'll always lend a helping hand  
 And make a friend of you.*

PRIMO GIULO VIOLA

*Butch*

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4.

*A mighty hunter is Primo,  
He makes the bunnies scatter;  
When on the baseball diamond,  
He's quite a Foxx-y batter.*



MARY ALICE WEBBER

Pen Staff 3, Assistant Editor and Secretary 4; Secretary 2, 4; Play Cast; French Club 3, 4; Scholastic Honors.

*There's nothing that she cannot do,  
Her work is always neat,  
And she is quite an actress, too,  
Our Mary, short and sweet.*

GERALD LINSCOTT WILE

*Jerry*

*'Cause Gerald doesn't make much  
noise  
Are you thinking he is slow?  
That's where you are mistaken,  
friend—  
A freshie told us so.*



SHIRLEY EVELYN WIXON

Pen Staff 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; Band 3, 4; Scholastic Honors.

*Shirley's a very tiny lass  
With an infectious smile;  
Her sunny disposition  
Wins new friends all the while.*



MURIEL WHEATON

*Mimi*

*If you want a fancy hair-do  
When going to a dance,  
Let Muriel fix it, and you'll be  
A candidate for romance.*



SARAH INEZ WOODARD

Scholastic Honors.

*Her card's the best one in the class,  
She often gets all A's;  
We all agree a job like that  
Deserves a lot of praise.*

JOHN FREDERICK HACKER

*Johnny*

*If a clipping from the paper  
You forgot to get,  
"Effy" will have some extra ones—  
You'll never have to fret.*

NORMAN THOMAS WOODARD

*Mandy*

*Handy Mandy, you're a dandy!  
How does your garden grow?  
With chickens and sows, horses and  
cows,  
And lots of grass to mow!*

## PROSPICATE, JUVENES!

### Class Ode

Full many a pathway beckons,  
Full many a star doth gleam,  
For each, down the path of the future,  
There's shining a golden dream.  
We hear a voice that bids us  
Keep our visions e'er shining bright,  
Set our feet in life's peaceful pathway,  
And follow love's steadfast light.

We hark to the voice that calls us,  
We list to its challenge high  
To follow our radiant visions  
And the stars that light our sky.  
They lead us forever onward  
Along life's glorious way;  
With our hearts pledged to highest purpose  
We greet life's promise today.

MARY WEBBER



## The Fireside Tearoom

### CLASS PROPHECY

**I**T is six-thirty on the evening of December 15, 1955, when Barbara Smith, a nurse, enters the Fireside Tea Room in Albany, owned by Mary Perkins. Since the tea room is crowded, a hostess, Louise Clark, asks Barbara to share a table with another woman who is Mary Webber. This conversation follows:

B.—Well, if it isn't Mary Webber!

M.—Barbara Smith! You old scalawag, how are you?

B.—Fine. Have you managed to grow any since I saw you last?

M.—Well—I'm not any taller. I don't believe in growing up.

B.—It's such a surprise seeing you here! The last I heard, you were psychiatrist at the Psychopathic Hospital in Boston.

M.—I was, until last month. I'm at the Albany General Hospital now. It's so good to see you! Isn't this an attractive place! Do you come here often?

B.—Yes. It seems so homelike, especially since three of our former classmates are hostesses here.

M.—Three? I saw Weedy Clark as I came in, but who are the other two?

B.—Ina Kingman and Ruth Holmes. I'm going to order some of those delicious waffles that Gladys Thompson makes. She takes charge of the cooking here. She has printed a widely used cookbook.

M.—Well, I'll have to sample some of her cooking, then. (Picking up the menu) Um-m-m—let's see—Say, don't these menus have a unique design, Barbara?

B.—They were designed by Dickie Thomas. He is in great demand as an illustrator now.

M.—Goodness, everyone in the class seems to be connected with this tea room. I wonder if our class farmers, Mandy Woodard and Gerald Wile, raised these vegetables I'm having for supper!

B.—Maybe! I know one classmate who isn't connected with this tea room—Edith D'Arpino. She's secretary for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company.

M.—How about Patty MacNeill—are she and Edith as good friends as ever?

B.—Oh, yes. Patty's a secretary for the Liberty Mutual.

M.—Agnes Lightfoot and Mary McHugh are secretaries, too, at the First National Bank in Boston.

B.—How did you get here from Boston?

M.—I drove on. At one of the good service stations where I stopped, who should the attendant be but Edward Meada! Louis Perkins is working in the same garage as a mechanic. At a station in Connecticut, Damon Parsons is the mechanic.

B.—Well, I always take my car, Josie, to George Calliendo when she's ailing. He runs a garage here in Albany.

M.—Oh, it's grand seeing you again! Let's celebrate our reunion. They're having an entertainment over at the South Street Settlement House. I got Buddy Bartlett and Leo Clogston to bring their school bands, and Mary Hasesian is going to do some ballet dancing. And you know how famous Natalie Hayes is now! Well, she's going to sing. Would you like to come?

B.—I'd love to. I've read so much about the South Street Settlement House in the *Albany Daily*. Oh, that reminds me—the other morning when I was reading the paper, I saw a cartoon by Philip Mayo. Blanche Mignault is his secretary now.

M.—Yes, I heard she was. Speaking of newspapers, I saw an advertisement of Muriel Wheaton's Beauty Shoppe. And there was a piece about some discovery in radium that Russell Bosworth made—he's certainly gone a long way in the field of chemistry.

B.—Richard Alexander has done a lot with his ballistic engineering, too. And Charlie Ingalls is tops in physical education.

M.—Shortly before I left Boston, as I was walking across the Common on my way to the Psychopathic Hospital, I met Virginia Bouldry. She's married now. She told me that Vena Piereson is also married and lives near her. They must lead busy lives, but you must be busy too.

B.—I just finished taking care of Robert Flood's little girl when she had diphtheria. He has a grocery store here in Albany. His daughter goes to kindergarten at Barbara Joyce's Day School where Sarah Woodard is a teacher. Lois Lambert is Barbara's school nurse. She was in training with me at the Massachusetts General.

M.—You both take care of sick people, and Honky Hall takes care of sick animals. He's the veterinary who always looks out for the spaniels at John Hacker's kennels.

B.—So he's raising dogs now. You know, I was awfully surprised last night. The lights in my apartment went on the blink, and Dick Neves came to fix them. He told me that Roy Ekberg is a certified public accountant at the Albany Electric Plant where Dick works.

M.—Joe Renski and Burt Pollard are accountants too, aren't they?

B.—Yes, and Jack Fisher is business manager of the firm which Burt works for.

M.—Before I left Boston, a new wing was just being started for the Psychopathic Hospital, and Melvin Pratt is a mason on the job.

B.—I noticed his bid in the paper. Isn't this coffee delicious? Jack Arouca is manager of the firm that puts it out.

M.—Well, he certainly handles good coffee.

B.—Do you know a few months ago an accident case was brought into the hospital, and it was Primo Viola, a flying cadet who cracked up, but not very seriously.

M.—Speaking of wings reminds me that Mike Skorohod is employed by the Trans-Pacific Air Lines.

B.—Air travel certainly is the thing now, but not for me.

M.—Some of our E. B. classmates are adventurous souls. I think Will Hurd is the marine engineer that Admiral Byrd has taken on his latest expedition. Someone told me that Joe Rocha is a rancher out in Nevada and that he has gained quite a reputation for breaking in bucking bronchos. Have you heard what Marilyn Miller is doing?

B.—She is a dietician at the Massachusetts General.

M.—Say, do you remember Shirley Wixon? What is she doing now?

B.—She's private secretary to the president of the No Breakdown Construction Company. The company is going to build a new bridge over the Connecticut, and Brewster Fuller is the head engineer.

M.—(Looking at her new dollar watch) Goodness! If we're going to that entertainment, we'd better get started. You won't mind if we stop at my apartment, will you? Then we'll drive on.

B.—That will be all right with me.

M.—We'll have to arrange to have dinner here together again soon. I enjoy the delicious food so much, and it's such fun seeing old classmates in a strange city.

B.—I'm so glad we met and have had such a grand time talking about our classmates. And it's been great finding out what all of them are doing for their life work. Three cheers for the class of '40!

BARBARA SMITH, Senior

MARY WEBBER, Senior

### Commencement!

What do you commence at Commencement?

Dreaming, searching, thinking, discovering,

Idealizing, spiritualizing, moralizing, —

For you are no longer an adolescent.

What do you commence at Commencement?

Working, creating, saving, climbing,

Visualizing, specializing, realizing, —

For your every working day is your Commencement.

What do you commence at Commencement?

Serving, inspiring, cultivating, glorifying,

Personalizing, liberalizing, immortalizing, —

For you are the life blood and hope of your country,  
At your Commencement.

FLORENCE BLAKE, Junior

### Guessing the Graduates

Here's a list of graduates,

Their names are scrambled up.

Now see if you can guess each one

And deserve a loving cup!

Thide Padonir

Myra Pinsker

Milwali Druh

Nemliv Tarpt

Evan Rosepin

Crashel Allsing

Glader Lewi

Soli Elmbrat

Dawder Adamc

Werrbest Rufell

Soulel Crakl

Trub Drallpo

Monda Ranspos

Tielaan Elsay

Liarmyn Relmil

Raleroin Milecan

Suresll Strobhow

Errbot Fodol

Truh Hemsol

Segna Tightfool

Now there's a secret I'd like to tell

To each and ev'ryone;

You've solved these mixed up names,

Just for a lot of fun!

CHRISTINE MACPHERSON, Junior

## Class Will

WE, THE CLASS OF 1940, of the East Bridgewater High School of the State of Massachusetts, being of sound disposing mind and memory, do make, execute, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament. We hereby bequeath the following:

- To Connie Jahn we give Dick Alexander's ability as a chemist.
- To Guy Santilli we give Jack Arouca's ability to get "A" in bookkeeping without studying.
- To Winifred Gregoire we leave Buddy Bartlett's ability to play the drums.
- To Wimpy Whitmarsh we give Russell Bosworth's rosy complexion.
- To Dot Berry we give Virginia Bouldry's slow living.
- To Marilyn Lindquist we leave Weedy Clark's many trips to the drug store.
- To Richie Viola we leave Leo Clogston's cultivated mustache and side burns.
- To Ralph Patterson we leave Roy Ekberg's bashfulness toward the opposite sex.
- To Velma Humble and Mae Blackwell we leave the feud between Mr. Seaver and Jack Fisher.
- To Hubert Hassell we leave Robert Flood's reputation as a careful driver.
- To Charlie Setterlund we give Brewster Fuller's bright socks.
- To Dan Moorhouse we give John Hacker's quiet ways.
- To Milton Nelson we bequeath Honky Hall's ability to scoop ice cream.
- To Mary Walker we give Mary Hasesian's high pitched voice.
- To Patricia Sparling we bequeath Natalie Hayes' singing ability.
- To Grace Johnson we bequeath Ruth Holmes' sweet personality.
- To John Spencer we bequeath Billy Hurd's New York accent.
- To Johnny Neilson we bequeath Charlie Ingall's sheikish ways.
- To Walter Crane we leave Barbara Joyce's ability to get on the honor roll.
- To Lorraine Fuller we bequeath Ina Kingman's strawberry lips.
- To Joe Forni we leave Lois Lambert's fondness for "Jimmie and Dick."
- To Priscilla McCarthy we give Agnes Lightfoot's stature.
- To Gene Dodge we leave Phil Mayo's ability to play the licorice stick.
- To Elsie Johnson we present Mary McHugh's demureness.
- To Arthur Rollston we leave Edward Meada's ability to drive.
- To Muriel Bouldry we give Mouse Miller's rides home after school.
- To Leslie Gould we give Dick Neves' bright blue jacket.
- To Edward Woodard we give Damon Parson's anxiety to be a farmer.
- To Billie DeChambeau we bequeath Vena Pier-son's domestic inclinations.
- To Mildred Pollard we leave Burt Pollard's shorthand accuracy.
- To Bobby Mondeau we leave Melvin Pratt's fifteen passenger bus.
- To Junior Cloudman we bequeath Joe Renski's wad of gum.
- To Esther Frabetti and Katherine Kingston we leave Patty MacNeill and Edie D'Arpino's friendship.
- To Owen Hudson we give Mickie Skorohod's empty gas tank.
- To Meredith White we give Barbara Smith's ability as an actress.
- To Donald Colo we leave Dickie Thomas' size.
- To Leon Webber we give Gladys Thompson's ability to argue at a special class meeting.
- To Arthur Pope we bequeath Primo Viola's aptness to the dish pan.
- To Irene Goodrich we give Mary Webber's size 2½ shoes.
- To Florence Heath we bequeath Muriel Wheaton's ability to give fancy hair-dos.
- To Paul Ridder we give Gerry Wile's red hair.





#### SENIOR CLASS PLAY CAST

*Back row, left to right:* Barbara Smith, Philip Mayo, Robert Hall, Joseph Renski, Charles Ingalls, Richard Thomas, Gladys Thompson

*Middle row, left to right:* Mary Webber, Mary Perkins, Miss Katherine Morehardt, *Coach* Barbara Joyce, Marilyn Miller, Mary Hasesian

*Front row, left to right:* Lorraine MacNeill, Brewster Fuller, Harry Bartlett, Russell Bosworth, Leo Clogston, Edith D'Arpino

To Barbara Stoddard we leave Norman Woodard's many trips to Keith Place.

To Mary Balian we bequeath Sarah Woodard's ability to study.

To Marion Alger we leave Shirley Wixon's ability to knit boxy sweaters.

To Teddy Miller we leave Blanche Mignault's interest in West Bridgewater.

To Miss Sullivan we give a new puppy that doesn't shed hair.

To Mr. Loud we leave a bewildered chemistry class.

To Miss Partanen we leave our talkative typing class.

To Mr. Seaver we leave some Certified Public Accountants.

To Miss Andrews we leave a new record book for the next Senior Class.

To Mr. Goldman we leave another driving class to teach.

To Mr. Gotschall we leave our best wishes for many more years of Administrative work.

In *our* presence, and, at their request in *their* presence, and in the presences of each other, we have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses and do hereby sign, seal, and publish the above to be our last Will and Testament.

|                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| Gladys Thompson | Mary Hasesian |
| Ruth Holmes     | Natalie Hayes |
| Shirley Wixon   | Robert Hall   |

#### Spring Fever

Spring fever is a funny thing;  
It seems to make you want to sing  
And laugh and play and have some fun  
And make new friends of everyone.  
Most fevers come with just a cold  
Or with a pain, or 'cause you're old,  
But no one seems to understand  
Why this one makes you feel so grand.

BLANCHE MIGNAULT, Senior

## Senior Memories

### GLADYS THOMPSON

I shall remember those precious days in school  
With mind, pen, and pencil as my tools,  
And teachers and students so dear to me,—  
These will be my sweet memory.

### ROY EKBERG

Practicing for the ball team I didn't play on, running to the show instead of doing my homework, oversleeping and catching the bus by the skin of my teeth, reading the sport news from Johnny Hacker's *Herald* at recess.

### LEO CLOGSTON

Operetta, class play, band, and studies,  
Glee club, chorus, and all our buddies;  
Now it's time to leave and say,  
"So long, teachers! We're on our way!"

### JACK AROUCA

Do you remember when in Problems of Democracy class Mr. Goldman said, "When I come to an unfamiliar railroad crossing, I get out and look up the tracks on both sides to see if the train is coming."

### MARY HASESIAN

How we all did love and cherish  
The *Conciliation* of our dear Burke!  
"Will it never, never perish?"  
In our minds this thought did lurk.

### BURT POLLARD

These four years in the Senior High School have been the hardest but the most interesting years in my school career. They have been worth the struggles that I have encountered to win my diploma, the key to success.

### AGNES LIGHTFOOT

In sewing, cooking I excel,  
Bookkeeping, biology, not so well.  
And as for law and history—  
Well, maybe I *did* deserve that D!

### HARRY BARTLETT

To me, the most memorable incidents of my high school days are those in which music played a part. The Music Festivals at Gloucester, Portland, Hyannis, New London, Boston, and Provincetown will never be forgotten. The minstrel shows and the operetta—they too will remain in my memory as highlights of the happy years spent within these "ivy-clad walls."

### SHIRLEY WIXON

Though long seems every year,  
The twelve soon quickly pass,  
And graduation time is near,  
A big event for all the class.

### MARY McHUGH

Most of my happy memories are my associations with students, sharing their joys, laughter, secrets, and sorrows. My friendship tree has been planted with roots firm in the ground and branches started, and now, I hope, it will still grow on and on.

### JOHN FISHER

I used to study once in a while,  
But that was not my regular style;  
I suppose, when I have left this school,  
I shall be told that I was a fool  
Not to have made better use of my time  
To gain that knowledge which would bring the dimes.

### BREWSTER FULLER

From the four years of my life in high school there are a few incidents that stand out in my memory. I remember the year that we didn't start school 'til the second week in November, the odors and explosions during chemistry lab periods, the anticipation of the first day of school in September when a new teacher had been appointed during the summer, and the trips to music festivals with the band.

### VENA PIERSON

Rainy day! Oh boy! Where's the whistle?  
An assembly? Wonderful! What period?  
Test! Ugh! Will I pass it?  
Report cards! Oh my! A's or E's?  
1:30! Swell! Where's the bell?

### RUSSELL BOSWORTH

I think that Miss Sullivan's sermonettes to our second year Latin class, although not appreciated at the time they were given, will be remembered much longer than the Latin!

### BARBARA JOYCE

Oh, for those French tests planned for Mondays and given Tuesdays! How vividly do I recall the broken beakers of a general science demonstration and the casualties during chemistry experiments. How I enjoyed those friendly chats with the janitor who always had an interesting story to fit every occasion.

### NORMAN WOODARD

It was a long road, these years of high school. Now that I have come to the end, I'm sure I wouldn't want to walk back. But to think of the good times I have had during this long trip will always make me happy.

### EDWARD MEADA

I have had a hard struggle in my four years in high school; I have worked hard and accomplished a worthwhile thing in graduating. My diploma will be a stepping-stone to the open world where I shall try hard to make a success.

### RICHARD ALEXANDER

It was one morning in the lab  
When Alexander was a lad;  
He made some hydrogen—and Poof!  
Two students nearly hit the roof!

### LOUISE CLARK

How well I'll remember: teachers' "Don't's" and "Do's"; waiting for the "No-school" whistle to blow; when I was a freshman counting the days until graduation; my first and only trip to the office; the trips to the basketball games; counting the weeks until our next vacation; trying to talk myself out of having to stay after school.

### SARAH WOODARD

All through school I wondered what it would feel like to be a senior, and now I know. I used to see the seniors of other years and thought they were very old, but now that I am a senior I don't feel wise and experienced at all.

### RUTH HOLMES

The memory of assembly announcements which sneak out of the downstairs office and come running up to the second floor with their precious secrets; the memory of the chewing gum I swallowed when a teacher suddenly burst into the typing room; the memory of a note I threw across the room, not knowing that a teacher stood in back of me!

(Continued on page 14)





*Scholastic Honor Students*



*Class Play Usherettes*



*Our Orators*

## High Lights and Bright L

### Honor to the Honor Students

We come to school primarily to learn. We cultivate friendships, we participate in the many extra activities, we have a good time. But schools are built for educational purposes, and good scholarship is the most effective way that we students have of showing that we are getting the most out of our educational opportunities. During our years at high school, certain members of our class have distinguished themselves in scholarship. Congratulations to the following Honor Students of the Class of 1940: Harry Bartlett, Russell Bosworth, Jack Arouca, Brewster Fuller, Barbara Joyce, Ruth Holmes, Lorraine MacNeill, Blanche Mignault, Vena Pier-son, Melvin Pratt, Joseph Renski, Barbara Smith, Richard Thomas, Mary Webber, Shirley Wixon, Sarah Woodard.

### "Friends, Romans, Countrymen!"

Three members of the Senior Class have shown during the past two years that they possess ability as orators. Each has spent many hours writing, revising, learning, and rehearsing speeches. Mary Webber competed in the Legion Essay Contest in 1938 and entered the preliminaries of the 1939 contest. Russell Bosworth and Harry Bartlett brought honor to themselves and their school in 1939 by winning the first and second prizes respectively in the Legion Contest. These two students have also been selected as the class orators for graduation. The school is indeed proud of its three orators and congratulates them on their success.

### We've Followed the Leaders

Here they are, the officers of the class of 1940: President Melvin Pratt, Vice-President Russell Bosworth, Secretary Mary Webber, Treasurer Jack Arouca, and executive committee member Lorraine MacNeill. Under the guidance of these capable and popular officers the senior class has successfully completed the final year of its school activities. As commencement approaches, the class can look back over its history and recall with justifiable pride the outstanding events of its lifetime: the Sophomore Dance, the Junior Prom, the Senior Class Play, and the activities of Senior Week. To the officers of the Class of 1940, past and present, the *Pen Staff* offers its hearty congratulations and good wishes for the future.

### "The Winnah!"

No high school extra-curricular activity schedule would be complete without ample opportunity for students to participate in sports. More than one third of the boys in the class of 1940 have earned at least one varsity letter for participation in some sport during their high school life.

Basketball seems to have been the most popular sport, with baseball a close second. Five of the 1940 triumphant tournament basketball players are members of the senior class: Russell Bosworth, Charles Ingalls, Jack Arouca, Joe Rocha, and Primo Viola. These fellows have also been members of other athletic teams during the past four years and have done equally well in all of them. At some time in the last





*Senior Class Officers*



*Our Athletes*



*Graduating Musicians*

## hts of the Class of '40

four years Richard Alexander, Roy Ekberg, Burt Pollard, Norman Woodard and Richard Thomas have participated in some one of the sports offered by our school. In order that a team may be well organized, there must be a capable manager, who is more or less the "man behind the scenes." Jack Fisher was assistant manager of the basketball and baseball teams last year and this year has done an excellent job as manager of both these teams.

To these eleven fellows go the congratulations of their classmates and the cheers of their school.

### Farewell — With Regrets

A grand total of forty-seven years of service in the band! That's the record of these twelve school musicians. Most of the graduating band members can look back to the days when the band was half its present size and feel justly proud of the part they have played in making the band the successful organization that it is. All of the graduating musicians can recall the enjoyment of the annual music festivals and the thrill of working together on new music, and it is not without regret that they bid farewell to active participation in the band.

To Phil Mayo, goes the honor of being the senior who has had the longest membership in the band, a record of seven years. Leo Clogston, Russell Bosworth, and Harry Bartlett are next in line with a record of five years of band work each. Dick Thomas, Brewster Fuller, Dick Alexander, and Jack Fisher are veterans of

four years' standing. Marilyn Miller, with three years, and Shirley Wixon, Natalie Hayes, and Charles Ingalls, with two years each, complete the roster of the band graduates of 1940.

### "This Way, Please"

It is the night of the Senior Class Play. Backstage, the actors and actresses are busy being made up, and trying to control quaking knees. At the entrance to the hall, the scene is different. A class-play-goer is greeted at the door by pretty, smiling girls, dressed in colorful gowns and wearing lovely, fragrant corsages. One of the young ladies, takes his ticket and says, "This way, please," as she rustles down the aisle ahead of him. Here is a fine beginning for a pleasant evening. These are the lovely damsels who contributed so much to the enjoyment of the class play, — the Senior Class Play Ushers: Shirley Wixon, Louise Clark, Agnes Lightfoot, Ina Kingman, Ruth Holmes, Vena Pierson, Blanche Mignault, Sarah Woodard, and Mary McHugh.

### Parting

The time has come for parting,  
We feel a bit forlorn;  
To different fields we're starting  
Where a new life will be born.

Our stay here has been pleasant  
Happiness has reigned.  
Thanks, teachers, for your time spent  
And the knowledge we have gained.

BLANCHE MIGNAULT, Senior

### Beggars Could Ride

When we wish we'd studied harder,  
When our marks are rather low,  
How glad we'd be if it were true  
That "Wishing will make it so."

## Senior Memories — Continued from page 11

RICHARD THOMAS

On study periods I would plan,  
But gosh, they had assembly,  
And so in class, with book in hand,  
I'd sit forlorn and trembly!

MELVIN PRATT

Who could forget those long assignments which all the teachers gave on the same day, especially when we wanted to go out that night! — Soon we'll be able to talk about the last day of school and compare it with the first one. Although we don't think so now, in later years we'll remember our happy school days.

MARILYN MILLER

We Seniors will never forget the prolonged minutes on a rainy day waiting for the whistle; our Glee Club that came at the crucial moment; or "It's not required, but the *Pen* is coming out next month."

LORRAINE MacNEILL

What shall I remember from my school days? I'll always remember my teachers, — their patience, kindness, and advice. I'll always remember the school building, — its long, wide corridors, and its bright sunny rooms (except on rainy days when Mr. Gotschall came around with bottles for the window sills!) I'll always remember the mad dash for the sandwiches in the lunch room. I'll always remember the class play, — the rehearsing of our lines with expression and feeling, the many laughs we had at the funny mistakes, that empty feeling in the pit of my stomach a few days before the performance, and that glad but regretful feeling when the curtain fell on the last act.

BLANCHE MIGNAULT

It never did occur to me  
The time would come so rapidly,  
For me to lay my books away  
And thus complete my happy stay.

PHILIP MAYO

I sincerely hope that all of you undergraduates will always keep this little thought in mind: Appreciate the endeavors of your teachers, because the worthy knowledge that they are gladly extending to you would have to be purchased at a price in college.

EDITH D'ARPINO

I'll miss: the three flights of stairs and always in-sist that an elevator should be installed, the hungry feeling in my stomach before recess, that nervous feeling just before a "short" quiz, the temptation to nibble on that piece of candy left from recess, those daily play rehearsals, those "pep talks" we frequently received in shorthand, those 120 words a minute shorthand tests and the sparkle in our teacher's eyes when she asked, "Did you get it?", the crackers in the lunchroom (for purchasers of soup only), my home room seat that started a "Jacob's ladder" in mother's sheer stockings, the cashier's "How many?" and the ice cream scooper's "What kind?"

NATALIE HAYES

I was heartbroken one day upon finding out that my vicious "Tigers" had been beaten by those slow, easy-moving "Camels" in French class. I shall never forget the day I was made a member of the band in the percussion section, playing the largest and loudest drum of all!

WILLIAM HURD

I haven't been here very long,  
I haven't done very much,  
So on mem'ries I get the gong,  
'Cause I don't know on what to touch.

MARY WEBBER

As jewels are handed from mother to daughter, memories have been given to us by our school life. As the passing of time brings added worth and luster to prized family jewels, so each year will give added significance and beauty to schoolday memories.

ROBERT H. FLOOD

When school is out, happiness shall perish, and I'll take up many worries. I'll continue life with happy memories of the good old E.B.H.

JOSEPH RENSKI

O school, thou art gone forever from my life, but in the deepest recesses of my mind, your glad days I shall fondly keep.

JOSEPH ROCHIA

I shall always remember grouping down town before school; waiting for the recess bell and lunch; hoping to go home at 1:30, not 3:30; and last but not least waiting for the last day of school.

## Manners

I know you've read *Behave Yourself* by Betty Allen and Mitchell Pirie Briggs, but have you read *This Way, Please* by Eleanor Boykin?

If you liked *Behave Yourself*, you'll devour *This Way, Please* with glee. This book was written to teach high school boys and girls the right way to do the right things, such as having a neat appearance without expense; being polite with old, as well as new, friends; being able to write interesting letters; and knowing how to conduct oneself properly at all times.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." Take this into consideration at your next stop at the library or book shop. It's well worth your time to read *This Way, Please*.

MARILYN MILLER, Senior

## I Agree

I think the article that I enjoyed most of all in the last issue of the *Pen* was *Why I Go to Church*. The reasons stated in this article are exactly the same as the reasons why I go to church.

That article lead me to write this brief note to tell other readers about Hurlburt's *Story of the Bible*. It is a complete Bible story from Genesis to Revelation, told in modern English.

I think that many young people do not want to sit down and read the Bible, but if they read this introduction to it, I am sure they would become interested in reading the whole Bible.

I hope that a few students will get this book and look at it. If it's given a fair chance, I'm sure they will like it.



## Youth Faces the Struggle for Success

*Harry Bartlett, Editor-in-Chief*

**T**O the youth of seventeen about to graduate from high school, the world of 1940 appears as a complex maze of struggles, a sort of hodge-podge of conflicting desires and interests all clamoring for his allegiance. There is the struggle of the democracies to subdue the totalitarian states and prevent the spread of the rule of the dictators; there is the struggle of the United States to keep out of war; the ceaseless struggle between capital and labor; the struggle of religion to make its voice heard above the cannon's roar. And there is yet another struggle, even more personal and real than these, that faces the youth of today. It is the struggle for success.

This struggle for success is one of the basic drives of mankind, and the senior about to graduate from high school is just beginning to realize the great influence of this instinct. He has perhaps already chosen his field of life work and begun serious training for that field. He may be entering upon a career as a business man, as an artist, as a professional man, or as an artisan, but whichever he chooses, he is entering the work of his choice with enthusiasm, with optimism, and with an unconquerable desire to be a success.

Too often youth's conception of success in life is the very reason that he never attains that success. Many believe that wealth and success are synonymous, that the rich person is necessarily successful and that the poor person is necessarily unsuccessful. Nothing of the sort is true. Certainly the success of Christ, Lincoln, Florence Nightingale, and Booker T. Washington are not measured in dollars and cents. It is

important, then, that young people starting the greatest struggle in life have a true conception of their goal, else their energy, their time, their study, and their hard work will in the end bring nothing but regret. A philosopher once said, "Everybody finds out, sooner or later, that all success worth having is founded on Christian rules of conduct." Is not true success the success of character and spiritual attainment, rather than merely a question of money?

Can everyone attain success? That is the question on the lips of the youth of today who see millions of unemployed and thousands of talented and well educated people unable to make a decent living.

Nearly everyone of us is equipped with the potentialities for success in some endeavor. Of course it would be absurd to think that we shall all become either big business magnates, great artists, or outstanding figures in the professions; but certainly it is not absurd to believe that we can all find some measure of success in some activity in life. A person who, by patience and hard work, becomes a capable farmer is just as successful as the concert artist who, by these same virtues, becomes world-renowned. It is by learning to excel in one thing, no matter how insignificant it may seem, that true success is found. "Doing a common thing uncommonly well often brings success."

To attain true success by noble and honorable means will be the goal of every high school senior as he faces the future. May his intelligent conception of success and his ability to recognize the small successes as well as the great ones aid him to reach that goal.



### JOHNNY MEDITATES

"Graduation! Goodness! You might think it was somethin'.

"Sis has been lookin' sad just as if someone had died, an' she's only graduatin'. If I was graduatin', I'd laugh 'n' be awful happy. I wouldn't go 'round frownin' 'n' actin' scared.

"An' then there's all this excitement of last minute exams. Now if I was graduatin', I wouldn't bother studyin'. What's the use? You've forgotten everythin' by the time you get in class.

"Yes, an' all the worryin' she does 'bout what she'll wear! Goodness! Why, she acts as if she was goin' to be married!

"An' pictures! Why everyone has been admirin' 'em ever since she brought 'em home, but if you ask *me*, they don't even look like her.

"But she's not the only one. All her girl friends are the same way. They're all fussin' 'bout what to wear 'n' 'bout how their pictures will look, 'n' 'bout the marks they'll get on their tests.

"Gee! All the time they spend fussin' 'n' worryin' 'bout graduation, 'n' then it's all over in a few minutes!"

IRENE GOODRICH, Junior

### College, Here We Come!

Since my sister and I plan to enter college the same year and we have both selected colleges in Boston, we have formed a "ways and means" committee of two and devised many brilliant schemes for raising the necessary funds for college expenses.

Our first problem was transportation. A Model T flivver! The very thing! It would be cheap and would require little fuel, as whenever a steep hill is encountered, my sister could get out and push. At the top she could get in again, and down the hill we could go. I thought this a wonderful idea, but for some strange reason my sister failed to agree with me. Then a coupe was suggested. I wanted a yellow coupe and she desired a red one, so we compromised and decided to have a red and yellow milk

truck and peddle milk on our way into Boston. But we decided that a milk wagon wouldn't be quite appropriate for college students, and we thought a trailer would be much better. We could camp on Boston Common and take in boarders to help pay living expenses. Or we could have a beach wagon. A beach wagon is so roomy, and besides, we could run a bus line between East Bridgewater and Boston, picking up passengers as we rolled merrily along. Another plan was the traveling alarm clock. People could engage us to awaken them in the morning as we passed by. We could stop in front of their houses, toot a special horn to wake them, and continue our journey.

With this plentiful supply of ingenious ideas, we both look forward with great anticipation to our busy days in college.

LEON WEBBER, Junior

### A Sailor's Chantey: 1940 Version

I must go down to the sea again  
Where the subs and torpedoes dip,  
And the mines just lie awaiting  
For a chance to sink our ship.

I must go down to the sea again  
With the planes soaring overhead;  
They gracefully swoop, and dive, and zoom,  
And our ship they spray with lead.

I must go down to the sea again,  
It's down to the bottom for me;  
The mermaids are beckoning downward  
To the peace that is under the sea.

### Jokes

*Charles Ingalls:* A pupil who receives all A's on his report card must be an A-theist.

*Brewster Fuller:* And a teacher who corrects algebra papers must be an X-ecutioner!

\* \* \*

*Miss Partanen (speaking of astronomy):* Can you name some of the stars?

*Leora Jahn:* Oh, yes! Clarke Gable, Tyrone Power, Richard Greene . . .

\* \* \*

Lois Bosworth was telling a neighbor about some "wonderful young man" she had seen.

*Neighbor:* Is he a sheik?

*Lois:* No, I think he's Swedish.

## Smiles or Tears?

MARY WEBBER, Senior

"I won't do it, I won't!" shouted an angry voice, with the stamping of a foot for emphasis.

Bobby looked up from the funnies he was reading.

"There's Lucy practicing for that class play again," he remarked to his sister Susan, who was sewing on a dress for her doll.

"She shakes the whole house when she stamps her foot," giggled Susan.

"I wish I was in her shoes, graduating this year," sighed Bobby enviously.

"You'd be sorry if you were," replied Susan. The seniors always feel bad when they graduate. Betty Brown told me her sister cried oceans when *she* graduated."

"It won't bother *me* any," sniffed Bobby. "Say, do you suppose Lucy will cry?"

"I bet she will," answered Susan, snipping her thread with precision. "Most of them do."

"I don't believe she will," said Bobby reflectively.

"She will so!"

"She won't either!" He considered a moment. "If she cries about graduating, I'll give you that dog you like!"

"The big one Uncle Peter carved for you?"

"Um-m."

"Well, if she laughs, I'll give you the jack-knife that Uncle Peter gave me," replied Susan, not to be outdone.

So throughout the hustling, bustling days of the latter part of her senior year, Lucy was watched anxiously by her younger brother and sister. Susan began a campaign to make her sister appreciate all the sadness of her coming graduation, while Bobby exerted every effort to keep her cheerful.

Lucy's graduation pictures were examined critically by the members of her family.

"I like this serious one," was Susan's comment. "Graduation's an important occasion,"

she continued, clasping her hands and making her face very, very grave. "She should look serious."

"Serious!" scoffed Bobby. "That's a happy day. This is more like it!" He indicated a smiling picture.

Both of the children seized every opportunity to further their separate causes. When Lucy tried on her reception dress for their approval, Bobby exclaimed, "Gee! That's swell! Don't you wish you were Lucy, Susan?"

Susan shook her head sadly. "I'd hate to be leaving school forever. Don't you, Lucy?" she asked in a tearful voice.

"A little," nodded Lucy. Her face grew wistful, and Susan nudged Bobby excitedly as if to say, "I'm going to win!" But Lucy didn't cry.

When the day for graduation came, Lucy showed no signs of weeping. All during the busy day the children haunted her, Susan with mournful face and sad words and even a few tears, Bobby with vigorously cheerful remarks, until Lucy asked in slightly exasperated bewilderment, "What ails you two?"

At the graduation exercises Susan and Bobby watched Lucy very closely. No tears. She went up to receive her diploma and some special awards without any signs of breaking down. After the eventful evening was over, and the family was at home, the crisis had come. Would Lucy laugh or cry? She put her colorful bouquets on the table with her graduation gifts and the pictures of her classmates. She looked at the familiar faces of her school friends, and her eyes grew misty. Susan watched with bated breath as the mist slowly gathered into tears. Growing more and more excited, she looked at the crestfallen Bobby triumphantly.

"Oh, Lucy!" she cried, "You're crying. aren't you!"

Bobby sat down and rested his chin in his hands dejectedly. But there was a ray of hope for him. Looking up at Lucy, he saw the corners of her mouth beginning to tremble. Through the tears coursing down Lucy's cheeks, a tremu-

lous smile was beginning to grow. Bobby's eyes brightened as he looked at her with excited expectancy. And then came *his* hour of triumph. Lucy began to laugh, trying to blink the tears away.

"She laughed! I won!" shouted Bobby exultantly. "You've got to give me the jackknife, Susie!"

"She cried! I won!" exclaimed Susan. "You'll have to give me the dog!"

"I guess we *both* won," grinned Bobby. "We'll have to trade!"

MARY WEBBER, Senior

### Memories of a Graduate

Every girl graduate can look back upon her life and recognize milestones that have changed its course. As she stands on the platform waiting to receive her diploma, her thoughts turn back the clock and she remembers many incidents of her younger days.

She can remember the day she entered high school. How impressed she was by the long corridors, winding stairways, and upperclassmen! She decided that day to make the school proud of her by studying hard, and tonight she is receiving her reward, a gold medal for being the most brilliant girl in her class.

In her sophomore year she had the honor of being unanimously elected class president. Such a distinction for a young lady! She smiles as she recalls how nervous and excited she was. What fun to be a sophomore!

She remembers her Junior Prom. That was her first formal dance, and she had worn her first evening dress. How thrilled she was to wear it! Though simple in design, to her it was as lovely as if Bergdorf Goodman had created it. That night she had had her first date, for the president of the class had taken her. How handsome and resplendent he had looked in white flannels! How elated she was to have him as her escort! Her eyes shine at the memory.

And now, one of the most important milestones of all, — graduation with all its sentiment, solemnity, frivolity, and romance. The speaker calls her name and she goes forward to receive her diploma, the key to future success and new milestones.

SHIRLEY WIXON, Senior

### To the Art Staff

There is one department of the *Students Pen* which in the last two years has been growing in importance — the art staff. It is the work of the art staff to choose carefully the color combinations which will look well on the cover of each publication. The art staff also makes the cuts used to identify each department within the magazine, and also is responsible for the small cuts which so cleverly illustrate many of the stories and other bits of literary material.

To make a drawing for one of the small cuts requires a great deal of skill. When a story has been accepted by the editors, it is outlined to the art staff, several of the members volunteer to draw an appropriate illustration. At the next meeting of the art staff the best drawing is chosen by the members and is then ready to be transferred to a linoleum block. Then the block is cut; that part of the cut which is to be printed is left untouched and the rest is carefully cut away with special tools. The work of cutting a linoleum block is not easy and requires a great amount of time, patience, and skill. This year the entire work of cutting was done by Richard Whitmarsh and Richard Bartlett.

The drawings have been contributed by different members of the staff. The new cover design which has been adopted this year by the *Pen* was drawn by Richard Bartlett, who also designed the new headings used for the Editorial, Literary, Forum, and Pen Point Departments. He also designed the following cuts: Indian Weapon, Shell and Pearl, Christmas Star, Haunted House, Quill and Inkwell, Church Steeple, and the picture of Peeping Penny Pen. The art staff owes much to Richard Bartlett for his valuable contributions.

Florence Blake has given liberally of her ideas. She drew the Birthday Cake and Candles heading for the Anniversary Department of the April issue, and also The Skater, Amateur Policeman, Dream House, and Amateur Boxer.

Another member of the art department who has proved herself a valuable asset to the staff is Mary Walker, who drew the Scottie Dog, the Sea Horse, the Baseball Player, the Colonial Couple, Elderly Aunt Agatha, the World's Fair, and the Donkey.



Philip Mayo contributed the drawings of the Pioneer and Secretary's Desk.

The entire *Pen* staff realizes the importance of the art department and is grateful for the work which the members have done to help stimulate a keener interest in the magazine by giving the pages more life and variety.

BREWSTER FULLER, Senior

### When It Becomes a Memory

Have you during the last month or so said to yourself or to some one else, "I'll be glad when June 14 comes so that I will be through at this place?" I wonder if you who have said this really will be glad to leave forever your life in high school.

Undoubtedly some from our class will continue their learning in various branches of higher education. But for those who do not continue their education what is there to look forward to that will in any way compare with life in high school? The East Bridgewater High School has offered excellent opportunities for those of our class interested in music, athletics, dramatics, and freehand and mechanical drawing, and during the past two or three years several students have had an opportunity to prove their talent in oratory. These activities will all become memories in a very short time. Each of us has been assured the friendliness of the faculty and has undoubtedly at some time sought advice or extra help from some teacher. After graduation this will be something to remember and make you wish "those days had not gone forever."

I have mentioned but a few of the activities that should have made high school life interesting and worth-while. Now, I hope that you will agree with me that you will miss high school life after you have received your diploma and entered the world of hard work with only yourself to depend upon.

BREWSTER FULLER, Senior

### Is a Pacifist a Coward?

A pacifist is a person who disbelieves in militarism, one who hates war and refuses to participate in a war under any circumstances. A large percentage of people in this country to-

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day claim to be pacifists, and many people, if asked if they would go to war, would declare No! Are these people actually pacifists, or do they just imagine they are? Let us analyze the situation. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred these self-styled pacifists would not volunteer, but would fight when drafted. Therefore, these people are not pacifists. A true pacifist refuses to go to war even when threatened with imprisonment.

The number of real pacifists is not exceedingly large. Why? Because pacifism requires a firm mind and a brave heart. It sometimes takes more courage to remain loyal to the ideals of pacifism than to dodge flying bombs and hurtling shells, to man a machine gun, or to stab with a bayonet.

A pacifist is by no means a coward. He is called a coward when war begins because he refuses to allow his desire for an everlasting peace to be overcome by a false patriotism stirred up by propaganda and scandals, because he has the self-control to remain calm amidst the turmoil and hysteria of war. The others, the non-pacifists, let themselves be carried away by the propaganda and lies spread about the country, perhaps by spies, for the purpose of dragging their victims into an unjust war.

The attitude of these deceived individuals toward the pacifist is hardly pleasant. He may be punished brutally, flogged with a horsewhip, hung up by the thumbs in public to be stoned and jeered at by the passers-by. Many are killed or seriously injured from this abusive treatment. Can any person bear the punishment that the pacifist endures, and still be a coward? Emphatically, No!

LEON WEBBER, Junior

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I personally am looking ahead to the profession which Florence Nightingale founded and fostered—nursing. Perhaps, having felt some reactions from Europe's chaotic conditions and from the economic troubles in our own country, I may have gained some strength of character, a better sense of values, that may be a help to me in my chosen field. For me the world is still a beautiful place in which to live. Youth with its courage and optimism will surely keep

it so. If two groups of people are standing in the mud, the pessimists will see only the mud, but the youth will see the stars shining. Seventeen has chosen her career and hopes to succeed.

BARBARA SMITH, Senior

**Inspiration**

The dishes in the kitchen sink  
Are piled up to the ceiling.  
And when of dishes we should think,  
There comes that funny feeling,—  
'Tis the muse's invocation,  
The poet has an inspiration!

So apart the poet must go  
To strive with zeal untiring,  
Through a process very slow  
To write a poem inspiring;  
Then back to earth the poet's fated,—  
As for the dishes,—they have waited!

MARY WEBBER, Senior

**Reciprocity**

I can't refuse forgiveness  
If ever it is asked of me;  
Perhaps I'm chicken-hearted, but  
I need so much myself, you see.



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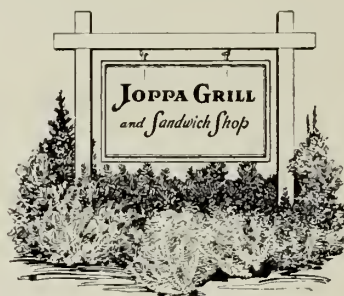
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